



Boris the Bear Learns to Share

By Lydia Lukidis

Boris was a grumpy, old bear
who lived in a den by a tree.
His face had a permanent frown,
because he never felt a tinge of glee.

The other animals would stop and stare
at the sign on his door that read BEWARE.
Boris was friendless and alone,
completely bad to the bone,
but he did not care
about what was fair.
What's more,
he could not bear
to share!

He always saved up his money,
but never gave any away.
He stored away jars of honey,
but saved them for another day.

His home was filled
with toys that made noise,
many trains sets and cars,
pillows shaped liked stars,
watches and clocks of every size,
and even sugar and pecan pies.

Boris hoarded all sorts of things
like necklaces and precious rings,
and pieces of fabric and coloured strings.
All his belongings gathered dust
as there was no one he could trust,
and he could never bear to share.

Today, Christmas Eve,
was a very special day,
but Boris despised each and every holiday.
“Pooh, pooh,”
he mocked,
“Christmas is just like any other day,
There is no reason to laugh or play.
Christmas, Schimstmas, I don’t care.
It means nothing to me,
a grumpy, old bear.”

All the animals of Sunny Meadows
gathered at Town Hall
one and all,
short and tall.
They were preparing tomorrow’s holiday brunch;
it would start at 9 in the morning
and would finish after lunch.

They hosted this brunch every year
to celebrate Christmas and the New Year.
All the animals would gather round,
to laugh and smile,
and feast on their food
for a good long while.

Crunch, munch,
went the cinnamon toast.

Squirt, spurt,
went the juicy grapefruits.

Drizzle, sizzle,
went the syrup on the pancakes.

After the brunch,

came the little ones' favourite part.
They got to exchange presents
that came straight from the heart.

"How revolting," Boris cried,
being utterly and completely snide.
"I can't stand it at all!
I must put an end to this once and for all.

And so Boris skipped home
to devise a crafty scheme.
To end sharing and caring
was his absolute dream.

That night, he slunk to Town Hall.
Slink,
 slink,
 slink...

He saw the food and the decorations,
the cups and plates in the dining hall
and prepared to destroy them all.
He whipped out his Turbo-Slime-Master
and slimed everything he could see.
He went faster and faster
until the place was an utter disaster.
The slime was slimy and grimy,
and also sticky and icky.

"I've done it!" he exclaimed.
as an evil smile spread across his face.
"This year, the annual brunch will NOT take place."

But he needed to do more,
this simply wasn't enough.
"I must also stop Santa Bunny,"
he said in a huff.

He spotted the bunny,
high in the sky,
on his sled full of toys
looking as happy as pie.

"I must stop Christmas!"
Boris urgently said,

then squirted out slime
right at Santa Bunny's sled.

The sled came tumbling down
and crashed on the ground.
All the toys were ruined,
Bunny was stuck, and didn't make a sound.

Boris went home that night
and had the most peaceful sleep.
For he knew that in the morning,
the animals in Sunny Meadows would weep.

The next morning, Mayor Fox made a loud call:
"Somebody slimed our Town Hall!
All the plates and utensils are soiled,
all the food ingredients are spoiled.
Plus Santa Bunny is trapped under his sled,
and the presents are ruined,"
he said with dread.
Owl hooted,
"Who, who, who
would do such a thing?
Do they not know how much sadness
that would bring?"

Boris listened with a grin,
but when he looked at the animal faces,
he felt a deep chagrin.
Suddenly, all the young animals began to cry,
they wailed and threw their paws into the sky.

They cried and cried
as their tears fell to the ground.
The tears kept piling up
as they made the saddest sound.
Soon the tears formed a small river
as far as the eyes could see.
All the animals were terrified
and began to shout and flee.

And for the first time ever
in his miserable old life,
Boris felt badly for what he had done.

It was a great idea at first,
but no longer seemed right or fun.

He decided he must fix the problem,
and paddled home to get some supplies.
He filled his boat with his belongings,
and paddled back to everyone to apologize.

“How sorry I am for what I’ve done
but I would like to share my things,
because I now realize the joy it all brings.”

And so Boris gave away his belongings,
his watches and rings,
his trains sets and cars,
pillows shaped liked stars
and toys that made noise.
The little ones were very delighted,
they were hopping around, so excited!

Then last but not least
Boris helped out Santa Bunny,
then gave Mayor Fox all of his money
so they could repair Town Hall
and remove all the slime that stuck like honey.

For the very first time,
Boris learned how to share.
It created a warm feeling inside,
that he just could not hide.
So he decided to change his ways
and be generous for the rest of his days!